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THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

TOLD IN THE GRAVE-YARD OF A FRONTIER MILITARY POST.

I tell you, pard, in this Western wild,
As a general thing the dirt's jist piled
In a rather promiscuous sort of way
On top of a soldier's mortal clay;
An' a person'd think by that marble shaft
An' the flowers a waving above the 'graft,'
That a Major-general holds that tomb—
But the corpse down there wore a private's plume.

I remember the day they swore Mead in;
He was pale complected, an' rather thin:
He'd kin what they called a trampin' beat,
An' enlisted fur want o' somethin' to eat;
It's always the case that a new recruit
Is the butt o' tricks from the older fruit;
An' the way the boys tormented the cuss
Was real down wicked an' scandalous!

He took it all with a sickly smile,
An' said if they'd wait till after awhile,
'Till he got fed up in some sort o' trim,
It mightn't be healthy to fool with him!
An' I knowed by the look o' the fellow's eye
Fur all he was backward, an' kind o' shy,
That behind his skeleton sort o' breast,
A heart like a lion's found a nest.

One night as the guard, at 12 o'clock,
Relieved the sentinel over the stock,
The corp'ral seen a kind of a glare
From towards the officers' quarters there:
he alarm was raised, an' the big gun fire'
An' the soldiers, not mor'n half attired,
Came a rushin' out on the barrack ground,
With a wild an' excited sort of a bound.

The Colonel's headquarters was all afire!
An' the flames a mountin' higher an' higher
An' what with the yells o' men, and shrieks
O' the officers' wives, with their whitish cheeks,
An' the roar o' the flames, an' dev'lish light
Illuminatin' the pitch-dark night!
'Twar such a sight as I've often thought
You could see in hell when it's bilin' hot!

An' then, with a wild despairin' yell,
The Colonel shouted, "My God, where's Nell?"
His wife responded, "She's in her bed!"
Then fell to the ground like a person dead!
Up through the roof the mad flames roared,
An' blindin' smoke in a dense mass poured
Thro' ev'ry crevice an' crack, till the cloud
Hung above like a death-black shroud!

(It mightn't be out of place to state—
As kinder accountin' fur this Mead's fate—
That Nell was an angel, ten years old,
With a heart as pure as the virgin gold!
An' she had kind of an angel trick
Of readin', an' sich like to the sick;
An' many's the dainty her hands 'd bear
To Mead, at times, in the hospital there.)

My God! it was 'nough to raise the hair
On the head of a marble statue! There
Stood a crowd of at least two hundred men
None daring to enter that fiery pen—
Men that were brave on an Injun trail,
Whose courage was never known to fail—
But to enter the buildin' was certain death
So they stood there starin', and held their breath.

Then all at once, with an eager cry,
An' a bull dog look in his flashing eye!
This Mead rushed up to the wallin' band,
An' a paper thrust in the Colonel's hand,
"My mother's address," he said, an' then
He sorter smiled on the crowd of men'
An' just like a flash of lightnin', shot
Thro' the door right into the seethin' pot!

With a yell of horror the crowd looked on
Fur they felt with him 'twas "good bye, John."
But half a minute after the dash
An up-stairs window burst with a crash!
An' there stood Mead, like a smilin' saint,
ne gal in his arms in a death-like faint,
He yelled for a rope, and let her down,
Jo terra firma—which means the groun.'

Then he tied the rope to a winder-sash
Fur to follow down—but there came a crash,
An' the blazin' roof, with a fearful din,
Throw'd the boy to the ground as it tumbled in.
We carried him 'way from the fearful heat,
A hopin' the noble heart still beat;
But the old post-surgeon shook his head,
An' said, with a sigh, that Mead was dead!

* * * * * * * * *

It was'nt long afore little Nell
Got over the shock; as soon as well
She circulated among the men,
With a sheet o' paper, an' ink, an' pen,
An' axed each one fur to give his mite,
In remembrance o' Mead's brave work that night!
An' as the result this monument stands,
Among flowers planted by Nellie's hands

An' every evenin' she walks up here,
The boys all say, fur to drop a tear!
An' I've seen her, too, on her knees right there
With her face turned upwards as if in prayer!
You see that line's up above to tell
As how the stone was "Erected by Nell,"
An' down at the bottom, there you'll see
Some Bible quotin'—

"HE DIED FOR ME."

Dervish Free Masonry.

Ralph Borg, British vice consul here, and worshipful Master of the English lodge, makes the following statement: "In 1864 I was present in Cairo at a working Masonic lodge composed of Egyptian dervishes, whose traditions purport to emanate from the most remote period of Egyptian antiquity. These traditions are, however, unfortunately oral—they have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation—for dervishes know of no other form of record or tradition. I obtained admission to this lodge in the following manner: One of these dervishes was an intimate friend of an English free mason resident at the time of Alexandria. The dervish one day, much to the Englishman's surprise, invited him to visit his lodge. The Englishman, who was familiar with the Arabic language, made three visits to the lodge, but solemnly pledged himself never to reveal anything about it to anybody, because the other dervishes were not at all pleased that one of their number had spoken upon the subject to the Englishman. Subsequently the Englishman asked permission to bring one of his countrymen to the lodge. This permission was at length granted most reluctantly, and that upon condition that the new comer should be blindfolded in coming and going. The Englishman invited me to accompany him. After proceeding on foot for over an hour and a half the lodge was reached. It seemed to be in a sort of a stone cave or underground temple. From the nature of the ground passed over I should judge that it was situated in the desert near Mount Mokattom. The rites employed were similar to those employed in European lodges. The dervishes said that this was only a branch of their grand lodge, and that their traditions related back to time beyond memory. Upon my suggestion that they might have originated from some of the numerous Masonic lodges established in Egypt by the French in 1798, the dervishes said that they were entirely independent of these lodges, and that we were the first Europeans who had ever been admitted to their lodges."—*New York Herald.*

A Word to School Teachers.

The following paragraph can be read with profit by every teacher in town and country. It is from the pen of an experienced teacher:

"Never whip or resort to any severe punishment till the day after the offense was committed. By so doing you will generally avoid punishing at all. You may find that you were mistaken in the pupil, the act, or the intent. You will be able to reflect, and act calmly and justly. Put yourself in the pupil's place. Remember children are not vipers or devils, and most of their troublesome pranks are the outcome, not of malicious premeditation but of fun comparatively innocent,—combined with a thoughtlessness not unreasonable, when their youth and inexperience are considered. Reformation can generally be brought about in a better way than by flogging and scolding."

Putting Himself in Her Place.

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

Mrs. Gray stood looking out of the window, while her husband put on his hat and gloves, preparatory to going down town. They had just risen from a nicely spread table, and the room was neatly and tastefully furnished.

There was no indication of poverty there, yet Mrs. Gray's voice and manner were faltering as she asked for some postage stamps.

'How many?' asked her husband, curtly.

"Three will do. I thought I would write to mother and the girls."

'Did you ever reckon up, my dear, how much you spend for postage stamps in the course of a year?' asked Mr. Gray, as he lit his fragrant cigar. 'Well, let us see. You write at least five letters a week, which is fifteen cents, and fifty-two times fifteen are seven dollars and eighty cents a year, to say nothing of paper and envelopes. I haven't a correspondent in the world, outside my business.'

'Your friends,' said the wife, 'live near you, while mine are in another State. Do you wish me to give up writing to them?' And her face took on an extra tinge of color.

'By no means. I merely mentioned the cost of the thing. But I must go. Good bye.'

'Albert!' she said, timidly.

Mr. Gray turned back.

"Can you leave me five or six dollars? I want to go down town to-day."

"Five or six dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, in astonishment. 'What on earth can you want with five or six dollars?'

'I knew you would wonder, but I have needed some money for a long time too get a few necessary articles.'

'I gave you two dollars last week.'

'I know it; and I used it for materials to work up for our church fair.'

'Church fiddlesticks!' said Mr. Gray contemptuously. 'Well, I can't see what you need with five or six dollars.'

'Here is a list of what I need,' said Mrs. Gray, handing a little slip of paper to her husband:

1 pair kid gloves	$2 00
1 " " slippers	2 00
8 " " Balbriggan hose	1 00
Silesia	25
Crepe de lisse	50
Total	$5 75

'*Crepe de lisse!*' What is that?'

'Ruffling for the neck.'

'Will it wash!'

'No.'

'I thought so. A sheer waste of money. What fools women are! What would a man think of putting a piece of stiff, white papery nothing around his neck, that cost fifty cents. And four dollars for gloves and slippers! Well, I must say, Annie, you are growing extravagant. I pay for your dresses, bonnets, and all the essentials, without a murmur, that is, said he, with sundry recollections to the contrary, 'when they come within reasonable bounds. But these little things, things which are of no earthly account, I should think you might do without.'

'They are what no lady can do without. The slippers are to save my nice walking boots. You yourself noticed my gloves, last Sunday, and said you detested a soiled or torn glove. Stockings are rather necessary in our land, and—'

'Say no more. But why is it that these wants come all at once?'

'For the simple reason that, hitherto, I have bought them myself, with money earned by plain sewing. But since my illness—in the autumn—it hurts my side to sew much, and I have had to give it up.'

Mrs. Gray enjoyed her husband's horrified look.

'Plain sewing! Annie, I thought you had more pride.'

'I had too much pride to *beg* of you what I could earn myself,' said she with some spirit.

'Well, here is four dollars and a half Try to make that do.' And he hurried off.

Mrs. Gray sighed.

'He means well,' she said, 'but men seem to think women are like children—not to be trusted with money.'

Meanwhile Mr. Gray was soliloquizing. 'Strange, how extravagant women are. Annie is one of the best in the world, but she does not know the worth of money any more than a child. That four dollars and a half will be spent before night. Women can't keep money.'

Mrs. Gray went down town, as intended; but she walked instead of riding, in order to save her money. While down, she felt faint and hungry, from her walk, and would have liked a lunch, but she had no money to spare.

'O, by the way, Annie, did you go down town to-day?' asked Mr. Gray at night.

'Yes,' she replied.

'Spent every cent, I'll be bound,' jokingly.

'No, I have exactly two cents left; but I walked both ways, got no *crepe de lisse*, and went without luncheon although faint with hunger.'

Mr. Gray looked shocked.

'Why did you not come to me?'

'Because it was out of the way; and because to tell the truth, I felt too cross.'

"Cross with me?"

'Yes, with you,' and poor Annie's grie rth.

'To be going along the street hungrier than any beggar, while my husband is known as the successful Mr. Gray! To have no money in my pocket, because my husband thinks I am not to be trusted! Before I married you I was in business the same as you; that is, I earned my living by teaching; you earned yours by trading. Now, suppose when we married you had given up your business to assist me, or because it interfered with your new duties, and I allowed you no money to spend, as you choose. I dressed you well to be sure; but gave you no money, without the why's and wherefore's and whither's being inquired into; in short, treated you as you do me?'

'You exaggerate the case, Annie. Men and women are differently situated. I should think you would be glad to be saved the trouble of earning a livelihood.'

'But, just consider the disadvantages of an empty purse. Put yourself in my place. How would you like it?'

'Why, if I had only to ask, first rate.'

'Well, then, suppose you let me carry the pocket book for a week."

'But Annie, it isn't practicable. You couldn't attend to business at the store.'

'Of course not. It is only your personal expenses I will regulate. You come to me for what money you wish to spend for yourself; that is all: and give me your word that you will take no money from the store.

'All right. I'll do it, just to show you that it is easy enough. Here's the pocket-book.' And he gave it into her hand. 'But I'll take a quarter, first, to begin on!'

'What do you want of a quarter?'

'Cigars.'

'Well here are two ten cent pieces, try to make that do. Did you ever reckon up how much your cigars cost you in the year? Let us see. You smoke at least two a day, at an average cost of ten cents apiece, which amounts to one dollar and forty cents a week. Now, fifty-two times one forty makes seventy-two dollars and eighty cents a year, to say nothing of those you give to your friends. A hundred dollars will scarcely cover your expenses in that line.'

'As our old friend Abigail Stillman says, 'Who'd a-thunk it,' said Mr. Gray, laughing; but he was surprised to find the sum so large.

The next morning Mr. Gray had gone some distance from the house before he remembered that he had only twenty-five cents.

'I'll risk it' said he to himself. 'Perhaps I'll not want to buy anything. I'll show Annie that a man can do without money.'

'Hello, Gray!' cried a voice, interrupting his reflections. 'What is the brain study about?' It was his old friend, Frank Raymond.

The two men had not met since Mr. Gray's marriage, and as Frank was to remain in town for a week, Mr. Gray invited him home.

He lit a cigar and handed its mate to Frank, as he did this.

The two conversed of old times until they reached Mr. Gray's place of business, when they separated, Frank agreeing to be at the Gray's at six o'clock. Annie was apprised of his coming by a note from her husband.

Going home, that night, as was his invariable custom, he ran into Benton's to buy some cigars. Benton was surprised to see him drop the dozen he had taken up.

'Are they not good?' inquired the dealer.

'We think them our choicest—'

'They are good. But on second thought I will not take any to-night.'

Mr. Gray had always purchased his cigars as he used them; but now he wished he had a box at home. However, he decided to ask his wife for some money, and run out and fill his case without his friend's knowledge. Twenty-four hours had passed, and he had already begun to experience a feeling of shame, and a disinclination to ask for money. A thought of Annie crossed his mind. 'Pshaw! she doesn't have to treat friends to cigars,' he muttered.

Frank Raymond was already at his house, and Annie had a tempting little supper for them; and Annie was looking her prettiest.

When supper was over, he took Annie aside, and asked for a dollar, which she gave him, grudgingly. Then he excused himself for a moment, and bought some cigars. They were wretched affairs, however, and filled the house with a villainous odor, for he had to get them at a new place, Benson's being too far off.

The next day, the two friends started out together, when Mr. Gray, with an air of having forgotten something, said, 'Excuse me a minute.'

'I'll go back with you, if you have forgotten anything,' said Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Gray clapped his hand on his pocket. 'I thought I had forgotten my pocket-book, but I haven't,' he said. 'So its all right,' and then he hurried on, his cheeks tingling with shame at the deceit' But he could not risk having his friend go back with him, and stand by while he asked for money.

Mr. Gray was lucky that day. He had no calls for money, and he had half a dozen of those horrid cigars left, a couple of which he smoked on the street after his friend left him. In fact, he concluded to risk another day in the same way. But on this day he realized the old adage, 'It never rains but it pours;' for from being asked to change a bill, to getting his coat ripped, and asking for credit at his tailor's, the day was a series of mortifications.

Annie was unaware of all this. In fact, she thought her husband was failing to realize the situation, so when, at night, Mr. Gray asked her for money to spend the next day, she wickedly put him off with some excuse, and ingeniously evaded the request until he was forced to prefer it before his friend.

'You want a dollar or two! What do you want with a dollar or two?'

'There, Annie, don't bother a fellow. I'm in a hurry.'

But with grave deliberation, she drew out a quarter, and laid it down, then another and another, next two dimes.

'Let me see—three quarters—seventy-five, ten is eighty-five—ten—ninety-five and here is a three cent piece—ninety-eight cents. Will that do?'

'Yes,' and Mr. Gray hustled them into his pocket, and hurried from the room.

He was in hopes his friend would inquire into the cause of the scene, when he would tell him of the compact and how it originated. It would then pass as a joke. But Mr. Raymond did not make any remark. Instead he thought to himself:

'Good gracious! What a grind she is! And I thought her so pretty. I never supposed that Albert would make such a meek husband. Catch me getting married, and having quarters doled out to me im that way!'

He pitied his friend's embarrassment, but did not appear to notice it. Instead, he chatted unconcernedly of old friends and past times. Suddenly turning a corner they met two mutual acquaintances. Hand shakings and inquiries followed, and the four had so much to say that Mr. Gray decided to send a note to his partner, and spend the forenoon with his friends.

The party now adjourned to a restaurant, and Mr. Raymond, aware of the exact amount of his—Mr. Gray's—funds, ordered lunch.

Before separating, a little excursion to Beech Island was proposed for Monday. Mr. Gray invited them, meantime, to spend the evening at his house. The evening passed was a pleasant one. Annie was in excellent spirits; sang and played, and was altogether charming. Mr. Raymond, remembering the money, decided that matrimony was a snare, when women were so deceptive.

The next day, which was Sunday, Mrs. Gray, without being asked, gravely handed her husband fifty cents. Mr. Raymond was present, but did not appear to notice it. He was apparently engrossed in the book he was reading. But he heard Mr. Gray ask:

'What's that for. O, the contribution box! Thank you! he said. But to himself he added:

'Why not save it, to go with the twenty-five cents I have already, so as not to be compelled to ask for money on Tuesday? Then I can succeed in getting some for Monday's trip, without the knowledge of my friends, and this absurd farce will end without any more unpleasantness.'

Monday morning came all too soon; for try as he would he could not get the attention of Annie, when he endeavored to broach the subject of the projected trip. Fidgetting with his knife and fork, he cleared his throat at last, and in a nervous way made a plunge.

Mrs. Gray elevated her eyebrows.

'To the Island? Pray what for? It is hardly the season for excursions.'

Mr. Raymond really pitied his friend's evident distress, so he said jokingly:

'Why, you see, Mrs. Gray, we want to get off for a time, as we used to when boys.'

The lady smiled grimly, and said:

'Albert is, as you see, too extravagant by half. I cannot, in the present state of our finances, give my consent to his going.' With these words, spoken with great composure, she walked off, leaving the gentlemen to themselves,

'By Heavens, Albert, I never would stand that!' said Frank, vehemently. 'To be tutored like a schoolboy! Haven't you any money at the store? If not, call upon me for any amount, and let us hurry, or we shall be late.'

'No I am afraid I cannot go. I am pledged not to take any money from the store, and it would not be right to accept any from you.'

Glad of an excuse, Mr. Gray then told his friend the secret of his wife's conduct.

'Whew! so that is it,' said Frank. 'Well, I'm glad to have my faith in womankind restored; but isn't she overdoing the matter? Did you ever refuse her money before others?'

'I think I did, last summer, when Mrs. Osgood was visiting her. They wished to visit a friend residing in Biddleford. I thought it was foolish, and told them so; and finally refused my wife the money. The truth is,' apologetically, 'I had met with some heavy losses, and felt that we must economize.

'Why not have allowed her to use her own judgment? Perhaps she intended to economize in other ways,' said Frank.

'I believe she said something of the kind. But to tell the truth, I had got into the way of thinking that women needed to be continually curbed, or they would run into extravagances.'

'It's a shame to treat a high spirited woman in that way.'

'I realize it now fully, more fully than you can, unless you go through with my experience. Annie said she had done plain sewing to pay for things that she needed, rather than ask me for the money. I understand it now; I would far rather have earned the money for our trip by sawing wood, than have asked for it. Fancy having to always ask!'

'Do you know, Albert, I am glad this has happened? I may marry sometime: in fact, I'm thinking of it strongly, and now I shall avoid the course you have taken. Otherwise I presume I might have done just the same. I believe a great many men do.'

'Do? Why, yes. My mother never had a simple penny without asking father for it, and she helped earn it all, and was prudence and industry personified. I'll turn over a new leaf. Ah, here come our friends.'

Mr. Raymond, to Mr. Gray's great relief, said it would not be possible for him to go on the proposed trip, owing to unforseen circumstances, whereupon, Mr. Gray, in an off-hand manner, proposed, that as Frank could not go, they should all come to his house that evening again. 'My wife will be glad to see you,' said he.

The week had passed, and 'Richard was himself again,' or could be if he chose, but his wife had mirrored his past actions so truly and forcibly, that he had no wish to repeat himself. Annie had taken care to curb his extravagances, by giving him always a little less than he asked for, and invariably inquiring just how he spent it, and, meantime, reckoning up how much he had each day, with great exactness. All this, as he knew was copied from his own custom. Besides he reflected, if he found it so disagreeable for a week, how much more so must it seem, year after year, with no prospect of a change? In short, he felt himself to be the meanest man in existence. 'Tis one half to own it,' and the other half to reform, we suspect.

"There, Albert,' said his wife, 'I am glad the farce is ended. Resume your prerogative.'

It was Tuesday evening, at half past six precisely, when Mrs. Gray said this. At the same time she handed her husband his pocket-book; and then returned to her seat.

Mr. Gray counted the money carefully, and then divided it into two equal piles.

This accomplished, he crossed over to his wife, and placed one in her lap, saying:

'Henceforth we will share alike. Buy what you choose. I have faith in your prudence and judgment. I am not infallible. Why need I sit in judgment upon you?'

Mrs. Gray's eyes glistened with pride and happiness, as she replied:

'Believe me, Albert, you will never regret this; for now I shall have an opportunity to use my reasoning faculties.'

He never did regret it.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

The Unreasonable Ant.

Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my opinion of him. It seems to me that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a strangely overrated bird. During many summers now I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have more sense than a dead one. I refer to the ordinary ant of course; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves and dispute about religion. Those particular ants may be all that the naturalist paints them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest working creature in the world—when anybody is looking—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No; he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away; no matter, he can't find it.

He makes his capture as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it, he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, and then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No; he must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple; when he gets up there he finds that that is not the place: takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual, in a new direction.

At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down. Meantime he has been over all the ground for two yards around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zig-zag country, and by-and-by stumbles on the same booty again. He does not remember to have ever seen it before; he looks around to see which is the way home, grabs his bundle and starts. He goes through the same adventures he had before, finally stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper leg is a very noble acquisition, and inquires where he got it. Evidently the proprietor does not remember exactly where he did get it, but thinks he got it "around here somewhere." Evidently the friend contracts to help him freight it home. Then with a judgment peculiarly antic (pun not intentional), they take hold of opposite ends of that grasshopper leg and begin to tug with all their might in opposite directions. Presently they take a rest, and confer together. They decide that something is wrong, they can't make out what. Then they go at it again, just as before. Same result. Mutual recriminations follow. Evidently each accuses the other of being an obstructionist. They warm up, and the dispute ends in a fight. They lock themselves together and chew each other's jaws for a while; then they roll and tumble on the ground till one loses a horn or a leg and has to haul off for repairs. They make up and go to work again in the same insane way, but the crippled ant is at a disadvantage; tug as he may, the other one drags off the booty and him at the end of it. Instead of giving up, he hangs on and gets his shins bruised against every obstruction that comes in the way. By-and-by, when that grasshopper leg has been dragged all over the same old ground once more, it is finally dumped at about the same spot where it originally lay. The two perspiring ants inspect it thoughtfully and decide that dried grasshopper legs are a poor sort of property after all, and then each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valueless enough to make an ant want to own it.—*Mark Twain.*

Value of Woman's Work.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, writing to the *Christian Union* of his camp-life in the woods, gives the following advice:

"All men ought to go to the woods, and religiously do their own washing and general work—such as sewing, cooking, housekeeping, and dish-washing. The work of women is not spoken of sensibly by men till they have done it themselves. Gentlemen readers, it is easy to talk! But just try it on a very moderate scale once, and you'll honor working women more than ever. Do as I have done—do a wash of six pieces, and then remember that a woman turns off two hundred pieces in a day. Look at your watch and see how long it takes you. Look at your soap and see how much you have used. Look at your white clothes, handkerchief or towel, and see what you have done, or not done, and never again speak harshly of or to a woman on wash-day, nor of laundry work as if it were unskilled labor. Try it. Don't talk. Don't sneer. Try it. A sympathetic gentleman having washed two dozen pieces will never change his shirt again without a glow of reverence and gratitude. She did this. A similar and salutary consciousness will come to him who darns his own socks, patches his trowsers, splices his suspenders and washes dishes. Look not every man upon his own things, but every man also upon the work of a woman. Such an experience in the woods will go far towards settling the woman question, by teaching us that we are all members one of another, and there must be no schism."

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

A thriving town—schools and commencement—the colored people's progress in Music, dress, homes &c.

MR. EDITOR:—I presume you have wondered whether I receive THE ADVOCATE or not. It comes regular every Monday, now and it looks better to me than it ever did. One outside of Washington can appreciate this paper more than one who lives there, if he has been acquainted in Washington Circles. I would rather have THE ADVOCATE Monday morning than to have my breakfast. If I have to miss either, I would prefer to miss my breakfast.

This is quite a fine town, the natural scenery around it is exceedingly picturesque and grand. The Tennessee River on the South and the verdant hills give this place a beauty which our pen cannot describe. Knoxville is also a busy town. There is a great deal of northern thrift here, wholesale business is carried on, and on a very large scale. The people are industrious, white and colored. The black smoke boils from rolling mills and founderies day and night. A great many colored men are working in the rolling mills and earn from seventy to eighty dollars per month—another thing that has pleased us much since we have been here, is to see our people getting their own homes. Quite a large number of them have very comfortable residences now, and there is a great passion to possess property which I think should be commended.

They are also making intellectual progress, music seems to be a peculiar taste. In most of the houses that we have entered since we have been here, we found an organ or piano. The teachers in the colored schools here are very good. Mrs. Brooks who graduated from Oberlin College many years ago, has been teaching here for thirteen years. Mr. Manning, who is principal of the city colored schools, is a graduate of Yale College and the white trustees of the school have acknowleged him to be a man worthy of the institution from which he graduated. Mr. Nixon, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Williams, Mr. Cob and Miss Liberson are very good teachers and received their education here. Mrs. Minor, who is somewhat known in Washington circles, used to teach the public schools also.

This is the time for commencements all over the country and the colored youth of Knoxville are not behind the white pupils. More than two weeks ago we attended the closing exercises at the colored Presbyterian College. The college chapel was full to overflowing white and colored. There were two graduates from the Normal a young lady and gentleman. The president of the college also tendered them a reception to which the elite colored society of Knoxville was invited—these are the first graduates of that institutions. To-day is for the colored schools and the white schools. The scholars show in all their exercises that their teachers understand their business.

Another sign of culture among our people here is their neatness in dressing—they dress well. The little children to-day in the school room looked quite as nice as those at the National Capital. The first Musical Festival that has ever been held in this city was given on the 21st of May at the same time a farmer's convention was held. They have just completed two basins here for watering the city, turning on the water for the first time Friday morning. At the same time the mail man started on his trot. We now have free delivery here. To-day the first locomotive on the new rail road from Knoxville to Louisville, Ky, came over that road to this city, trimmed with red white and blue ribbon. Glad to know that Mr. Waring has been elected trustee of Howard and Prof. Wiley Lane professor of Greek. I congradulate him.

JUNE 4th 1883. S. P. SMITH.

The Fire Laws of Japan.

The severity with which persons in Japan are punished who have the misfortune to be burned out is stated as follows by the Scientific American:

If the house is occupied and is accidentally set on fire, the person through whose carelessness the fire is started receives ten days' imprisonment with hard labor; if it is inhabited and the fire be produced by the proprietor, then he is punished with twenty days; if the fire spreads to other houses, the sentence is forty days, and when anybody is killed thereby, one degree heavier; but if the person killed is a relative of the first degree, the punishment is one hundred days; if the house belongs to the government, one hundred days; if a temple, from sixty days to one year, but ten years are inflicted if it happens to be one of the great temples of Isle, or in the precincts of the Imperial Palace. If a robber sets fire unintentionally to a house, he is punished with at least three years' imprisonment with hard labor. Decapitation awaits incendiaries, ten years' penal servitude an attempt at arson; the punishment being mitigated if the would-be incendiary is a servant who has just received a sharp rebuke, or if the attempt be made on an uninhabited dwelling. If a man sets fire to his own house, ninety days, but if the fire spreads to houses in the neighborhood, two years and a half; and penal servitude for life is inflicted if the offender profits by the opportunity of the fire to purloin goods or property.

The People's Advocate

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Business Manager and Financial Ag't

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THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

The most casual observer who will take the trouble to note the unmistakable evidence of alarm concerning the liquor question, which is now taking tangible shape in nearly every northern state, will not hesitate to express the opinion that, within a few years, it must be settled or, at least, that a practical beginning is being made toward curbing the growing evil.

Hertofore the question has assumed no greater importance than to call forth sentimental ebultion. The objection to the consumption of liquor has been laid in moral considerations *merely* and has been urged mainly by moralists and divines. But to be properly considered, this question must address itself to the business considerations of men as well as to the moral. It must be made perfectly plain that the consumption of liquor will increase the taxes and endanger the material prosperity of the people. In short, it must be considered with reference to the economic policy of the country. Prohibition will be a success, mainly because it antagonizes as those forces which obtain against the proper distribution of dollars and cents. And in this respect the temperance question is having its effect upon honest thinking people. According to the census of 1880, the amount expended for liquors was $800,000,000, during that year. This amount is far short of the actual figure, by reason of the methods which are resorted to to escape duties and revenues and license and taxes. The estimated worth of our farms, cattle, furniture, bullion and homes is $30,375,000,000. At the present rate of expenditure for the consumption of liquors, in 12 years we will have consumed the entire value of our farms; in two and one half years, the entire value of our cattle; in six and one half years the entire value of our furniture; in less than one year the entire value of our bullion; in sixteen and one-fourth years the value of our homes; and in a little more than 37 years we will have consumed the entire value of all the above-named commodities. And when we remember that financial panics and poor crops are among the probabilities of the future, and when we take into consideration the further fact that most of this needless expense is sustained by the poorer class, we have reason to deal with this question in a national sense and as one calculated to bear appreciably upon the future welfare of this country. Besides this, the amount expended in one year is sufficient to build a railroad from New York to San-Francisco, one from Chicago to New Orleans, another from Lake Superior to the Mexican line; we could have a two million dollar university in each state and territory, and also a million dollar orphanage in each state and territory; we could afford to give every year for five years for the advancement of education, a million of dollars to each state and territory. Such considerations as these must bring home to every lover of good government the conviction that something must be done to curtail the consumption of this enormous quantity of poison. The question as to the best means of correcting or modifying this evil must be one for statesmen of courage and wisdom to handle. Whether this can be done by increasing the cost of licenses or raising the revenue, it is not easy to say. But the question will be settled. The expense of intemperance, as will its horrors is being severely felt, and the pauperization of the working classes and the crime and misery which are its natural consequences, are warnings which we cannot pass unheeded. The republican party of Ohio has been bold and honest enough to handle this matter in a *political sense* and is relying upon the moral sentiment of the people to come to its support. The legislature of Ohio have already passed acts, one providing for the increase of the tax on liquors and the other submitting the whole question to the people for the consideration of a constutional amendment to regulate it, and there is no good reason why the proposition should not be acted upon. The question is a live one and the good people of Ohio will pass upon it wisely next fall. The issue is a bold and broad one and it deserves the most heroic treatment.

A DRAMATIC SCION.

Hurle Bavardo, a young colored man of Baltimore, is spoken of in the *Dramatic News* as possessing rare histrionic gifts. He promises to create a ripple in dramatic circles by appearing, as soon as practicable, in the *role* of Othello and Hamlet. Hurle Bavardo has given recitations and readings from Shakespeare's choices scenes and it is not improbable that Washington may be able to judge of the merits of our new actor. With Miss Davis, who is by no means insignificant as a promising actress, Mr. Bavardo might succeed in getting up quite a respectable troupe. It would be very creditable to the colored people if something of the kind were attempted. In this country we have German, Italian, French, Swerde, Polish, Spanish and Chinese theatres. How would a colored troupe take?

ANOTHER VICTIM?

John H. Alexander, a young colored man from Oberlin, Ohio, is among the applicants for admission. He passed the physical examination to-day. He is a bright looking dark mulatto, with good features, and is nineteen and a-half years old. — Wednesday's West Point letter to the Baltimore *Sun*.

THE *Globe* condemns the action of these colored gentlemen who petitioned against the removal of the Vermont Avenue Church building by the Plymouth Congregationalists, and thinks they should rise and explain. They are, as a rule, too sensible, however, to attempt anything like this, the exception being that one of them has sent a message through a certain gentleman to an officer of the P. C., if Mr. Cromwell will contribute five dollars, he will give ten dollars; if Mr. C. will give ten dollars he will make tt twenty dollars.

Let this gentleman, to-morrow when all church-going people are attending service, take down his bible and read what our Savior says about the rich men and the poor widow.

REFERRING to Virginia politics and Senator Mahone's interview, the Baltimore *Sun* says:

An era of better men and better solid measures is at hand, and now that the debt question is settled as a political issue, it is well for the rank and file to unite shoulder to shoulder once more for the common good of the State. We would like to know if the dawn of that "era of better men and measures" working for "the common good of the State" is foreshadowed by the suggestion contained in the recent news item in its own columns that the coming democratic convention should make an issue on colored schools being supported exclusive by taxation on colored property. Is such a suggestion for the *common* 6ood? What does the *Sun* think of this?

WE learn from the Baltimore *Sun* that the question is mooted by some of the Virginia bourbons to have the state constitution so amended that colored schools will be supported solely by the taxation on the property of colored people. The readjusters could not desire a more direct issue with which to go to the people of the state than on this question. On incorporating such a proposition into organic law the entire colored vote would be solid, more solid if possible than it was in the early days of reconstruction, and there are tens of thousands of white voters who believe the ignorance or education of the colored youth is a matter in which the white people are quite as much concerned as the colored people themselves. These white voters, whether Democrats or Readjusters, will not endorse any such a Bourbon proposition. Mahone could desire no more successful device for consolidating his forces for the fall campaign than the Bourbon suggestion, that only colored tax payers should pay for the support of colored schools, thereby making no provision for tens of thousands of colored youth. Last year Kentucky abolished this method of supporting colored schools. Does the Richmond *Dispatch*, the leader of the Bourbons, envy the experience of Kentucky?

THE BIRNEY SCHOLARSHIP.

The ADVOCATE congrtulates itself on the fact that when the Birney scholarship to the Cornell University was agreed on, a question raised by us brought out a card to the effect that there was no discrimination to be made on account of color in competitors or the two High Schools of this city. We gladly welcomed this fact, but we also stated that this would furnish an opportunity not only of testing the relative merits of the white and colored High Schools, but of colored teachers and the capacity of colored pupils. The time has arrived, and a resolution to award the scholarship "to the pupil reaching first in competive examination among advanced pupils of both High Schools of the city," in these studies common to both meets with opposition on the part of the colored trustees, and forces the admission that the studies in the two schools are unequal, those of the whites being advance of those for the colored.

Hence, that a competitive examina- between pupils of the two schools under these circumstances would be projudicial to the capacity of colored pupils.

It is well that the Birney scholarship was established. It is well that the color-line test was abolished. It is well that the resolution was eventually carried, providing for a competitive examination in these studies, "necessary quiafications for admission to a course at the University,"

It is best of all that the information is now given officially, that the grade of the High School on O street is far in advance of that of the colored High School

We demand equal education facilities—from the Kindergarten to the University. If the colored and white High Schools are unequal they should be made equal. If that be impracticable, if not impossible; if the cost of making the colored High School equal in grade to that on O street, bring the cost per capita of the former to a much higher figure than that of the latter, then there is but one thing to do, and that is the inevitable. Let pupils go from Sumner, Stevens, Lincoln or any of the oter colored grammar schools to the Aigh School on O Street as they now do from Franklin, Seaton, Jefferson or any other of the white grammar Schools. To this complexion must it come at last.

IT strikes us if the establishment of a colored chureh and the settling of a colored minister therein gives opportunity as Dr. Patton so tersely put it Tuesday night for showing the equal ability of the colored race to successful conduct religious work, the election of colored professors, —aye of colored presidents, is called for on the same principle, in "colored" colleges and "colored" universities.

"Keep it before the People."

NEW YORK, June 11, 1883.

To the Editor of THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE:

DEAR SIR:—There appeared in your last week's issue, June 9, 1883, an article, signed by W. H. Alexander, making a certain statcment in which he uses my name in regard to the trouble between Prof. King and myself a year ago last February, which calls for a prompt denial. I refrain from characterizing this statement of Mr. Alexander what it exactly is, for it is *false*. It seems to have been written intentionally and deliberately, so as to give a wrong impression to the public.

He says: "There has been an amicable statement between Miss M. E. Williams and Prof. G. M. P. King." *This I most positively deny*. After the trouble occurred one of the pastors of the District went with me to Prof. King to try to adjust the matter; but we could not make an amicable settlement; not even "an amicable settlement," as the writer of that article days. We offered all *just* propositions for the settlement of the trouble, but Prof. King refused to let the matter be set aright.

The writer of that article has every reason to know that his statement is *false*, and has not even the semblance of truth. The last personal interview I had with Prof. King in company with Rev. Robert Johnson, near the middle of May, 1882, durtng which interview, I said to Prof. King that "I had come for the purpose of having a settlement in regard to our trouble; I having heard that you were about to go abroad, I felt it my Christian duty to try and have this matter settled, as I might not see you again." Prof. King replied, that "the only way to settle this matter is for you to acknowledge that you were entirely wrong, and I was entirely right". This is the statement he made to me; notwithstanding the fact that he had said, several days before this, that if I would make a satisfactory statement to the lady teacher, it would be all that he would require, with which requirement I had already complied; and the lady teacher had accepted as satisfactory.

Of course, I could make *no* such acknowledgment and *be truthful*, for no one was more cognizant of the facts than he. Hence, I said to him, I cannot make such a statement, I started to leave the room; when he remarked as follows: "Miss Mary E. Williams, one of the best friends of this institution, said to me; if he had been in my place, he would have felled you to the floor." Tihs was his parting salute to me. If this is what Mr. Alexander regards as "an amicable statement," then I have entirely an erroneous idea of the word "amicable." He may be one of that kind of men who thinks that an insult is a friendly and loving attitude toward a fellow being. Last October the trouble was taken up again. I wrote Prof. King a letter in which I made *just acknowledgment*, if I had used any improper language toward him, and requested him to send my letter of dismissal, as I wished to enter Howard University, I took it for granted that he would make *his acknowledgment* for his *vile manner* in which he had treated me, by simply granting my request. I failed in this attempt, also, to settle the trouble as the following letter will prove:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 5, 1882.

MISS MARY E. WILLIAMS:—If you had acknowledged, in yours of yesterday, that you had made a misstatement in in reporting your difficulty here, I would forward your dismissal with this. I think I said to you, that this must be the condition upon which I could grant you an honorable dismissal.

Respectfully,
G. M. P. KING.

I had made my statement, which was *true* as *true* could be. I had sworn to my statement in the court, and my God witnessed every word. I told the *truth* and nothing else but the *truth*: How could I say differently, before my God and this world, from what I had said?

How could any man grant an honorable dismissal to a self-purjerer or a falsifier? This is more than I can see.

The Faculty of Howard University investigated the matter; and I was, by unanimous consent, admitted, *against the will or even Christian desire of Prof. King*.

I feel that I have been unjustly, unchristianly, and outrageously treated.

MARY E. HARRIS,
(*nee* WILLIAMS.)

Received from J. W [illegible]ovell Co., publishers, New York, "The Spoopendyke papers," by Stanley Huntley. For sale by any newsdealer. Price 20 cents. Any one with the blues should procure a copy and take it up at intervals.

Miner Normal Commencement.

Last Monday evening Lincoln Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity; the occasion being the graduating exercises of the Miner Normal School.

The audience was a representative one of the best social elements of our city. The floral decorations were abundant and tasteful. An excellent band of music was on hand, and the delay in opening by the late arrival of the President gave the audience opportunity of hearing them.

Register Bruce was then introduced. He was greeted with enthusiasm. He delivered a practical address to the young ladies which was full of valuable suggestions to them. He exhorted them to cultivate an equanimity of temper, not to work drudgingly, mechanically, not always to expect success, asfailure anddisappointments are frequently inevitable.

He concluded thus: You stand still and you will not infrequently fail in your work when seemingly assured of success, but such failure need not bring you evil, but if understood and its lesson well learned may bring you great benefits. But there are some things, young ladies, which yon can always do; you cannot always conquer, but, if true to yourselves, you may do that which is better for the world and better for you; be worthy to wear the victor's crown."

Rev. W. H. Brooks opened the exercises with prayer, and after the appearance of the President was the signal for prolonged applause. He was introduced by Mr. Henry Johnson, one of the school trustees, and he then awarded the diplomas to the following ladies:

Magaret Anderson, Anna S. Bailey, Harriet H. Beason, Emma G. Brooke Hattie E. Bruce, Alice E. Cole, Dairy H. Coleman, Elizabeth A. Cook, Susie G. Cox, Clara A. Cropper, Mary A. Edwards, Mary P. Evans, Sarah M. Janifer, Emily B. Lee, Sarah V. Smalls, Cordelia S. Syphax, Clara S. Taylor, Mary A. Wayman.

Commissioner West, having made a neat speech. presented the graduates of last year the usual certificates, and Bishop Payne pronounced the benediction.

GRINES-ANDERSON ACADEMY.

The annual exercises of this rising institution situated at 1206 R street, N. W., were held at the 4 h Baptist Church on R street, Wednesday evening, May 30th. Notwithstanding the fact that the day was one of recreation, and the evening offered attractions elsewhere, a large and intelligent audience g eeted the school.

The exerci es were as follows: Invocation, Rev. Robt. J hnson; Introductory Remarks, Princ pal; Recitation. "Kindness," George Johnson; Essay, "Hard Work," Lizzie J. Wilson, Norfolk, Va., ecitation, "Perseverance," Harriet V. Winslow; Declamation, "Education in the South," George H. Dixon Brooklyn, N. Y.; Reading. "Ladder of St. Augustine," Sarah Winston. Gor onsville, Va.; Recitation, "True Greatne s," William A. Smith; Reading. "Howard at Atlanta" Lizzie C. Terrell, Charlottesville, Va.; Recitation, "School Studies," Rhode Groves; Declamation, Self-Reliance, C. B. Norris, Leesburg, Va.; Reading, "Press On," Marcella E. Mayhew, Christiansburg, Va.; interpersed with music by the school.

All present were highly pleased with what they seen and heard; and those who took part deserve much credit for the admirable way in which they acquitted themselves. After this, very earnest and encouraging remarks were made by Prof. Storum, and Revs. Wm. Waring and Robt. Johnson, all uniting in urging the young institution onward and upward.

OBSERVER.

Hints on Calling.

From Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms.

Do not stare around the room.
Do not take a dog or small child.
Do not linger at the dinner-hour.
Do not lay aside the bonnet at a formal call.
Do not fidget with your cane, hat or parasol.
Do not make a call of ceremony on a wet day.
Do not turn your back to one seated near you.
Do not touch the piano unless invited to do so.
Do not handle ornaments or furniture in the room.
Do not make a display of consulting your watch.
Do not go to the room of an invalid, unless invited.
Do not remove the gloves when making a formal call.
Do not continue to stay longer when conversation begins to lag.
Do not remain when you find the lady on the point of going out.
Do not make the first call if you are a new comer in the neighborhood.
Do not open or shut doors or windows or alter the arrangement of the room.
Do not enter a room without first knocking and receiving an invation to come in.
Do not resume your seat after having arisen to go, unless for important reasons.
Do not walk around the room, examining pictures, while waiting for the hostess
Do not introduce politics, religion or weighty topics for conversation when making calls.
Do not prolong the call if the room is crowded. It is better to call a day or two afterwards.
Do not call upon a person in reduced circumstances with a display of wealth, dress and equipage.
Do not tattle. Do not speak ill of your neighbors. Do not carry gossip from one family to another.
Do not, if a gentleman, seat yourself upon the sofa beside the hostess, or in near proximity, unless invited to do so.
Do not, if a lady, call upon a gentleman, except officially or professionally, unless he may be a confirmed invalid.
Do not take a strange gentleman with you, unless positively certain that his introduction will be received with favor.
Do not, if a gentleman, leave the hat in the hall when making merely a formal call. If the call is extended into a visit, it may be set aside. Whether sitting or standing, the hat may be gracefully held in the hand.

Too Active.

Your little son is perhaps troublesome. He is never quiet, and is constantly demanding attention. How shall you abate this nuisance? You may try to destroy these bad habits by scolding him, by rebukes, by lectures, by punishments. That is one way, but not the best. These bad habits often spring from an instinct of activity, an intense desire to do something, which the Creator has given the child as a means of mental and moral growth. In trying to pull up the tares you are in great danger of rooting ont the wheat also. If you succeed by force in changing his disagreeable torment of perpetual activity into a dull quiet, you have changed a bright boy into a dull one. A better way than destroying this tendancy is to fulfill it by giving him plenty of occupation of an innocent kind Give him a heap of sand to dig, blocks of wood to build houses with, a box of tools, and boards to saw. Set him at some work, useful or interesting, or, at least, harmless. He will like all this better than he likes mischief. All his irregular activity was a cry for something to do. Give him that and you will have no further trouble.

On Thirty Days' Trial

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Decoration Day at Mr. Brooks'.

WASHINGTON, May 31, 1883.

MR EDITOR:—In your last issue I noticed a statement of the successful management of a "garden farm" by Joseph Brooks, Esq., at Bennings, D. C. Mr. Brooks has really a fine place. He is deserving of more than passing commendation for his energy, enterprise and perseverance. He is one of the self-made men or this land, and one of whom we should feel proud. Not only as a farmer, note broker, and stock raiser is Mr. Brooks a success, but as host he is not excelled in this community.

I am led to the last assertion from having had an experience of his no pitality. I am sure that the entertainment by Mr. Brooks of his Decoration day friends who meet under his roof year after year is sufficient to warrant the loudest praise.

At his fine place we find rest, beautiful and happy children, rich and highly cultivated fields, and comfortable forgetfulness of our daily business.

We enjoyed the holiday as we have not enjoyed it elsewhere. Mr. Brooks, wife and children exert themselves to make all happy, and they succeed. Mr. Brooks entertained on Wednesday the 30th ult, a party consisting of Miss Martha B. Briggs, principal of Miner Normal School, Mrs Bolding, of Boston, Mass., Miss A. T Howard, A. E. Holmes, Hattie Riggs, A. V. Thompkins and mother, Miss Addie Lawton, Lewis H. Douglass, wife and niece.

All the guests were delighted with the generous hospitality, and join in wishing all success, happiness and prosperity to the genial Joseph Brooks, and to the thorough lady and housekeeper, his wife.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

The Late Jas. H. S. Parker.

The alumni and students of the Law Department of Howard University held a meeting at Lincoln Hall Sunday evening in memory of James H. S. Parker, who had recently entered upon the practice of the law at Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he died April 19, 1883.

Mr. H. E. Baker called the meeting to order, and opened it with prayer. The dean of the Law Department was asked to preside, which he did. Mr. William H. Richards read resolutions on behalf of the committee, and Mr. J. W. Cromwell seconded them, giving a detailed account of Mr. Parker's life, whose course he had followed with interest and pride; Mr. Parker having at one time been his pupil. Pathetic and appropriate speeches were made by Miss Gillette and Messrs. Ricks, Henderson, Ewing, and Draper. Mr. Draper's speech on his departed friend was touching and beautiful. Prof. John D. Smith gave a clear analysis of Mr. Parker's character—separating it into its elements. Mr. Baker followed in characteristic, vigorous English, drawing philosophical deductions from death and indicating the inspiration to be gathered from Mr. Parker's honorable ambition and endeavors. As he pointed to the chair once occupied by his class mate, but now vacant and draped in black, tears welled up in the eyes of the audience. An original poem was read by that gifted lady, Mrs. Ruth G. D. Havens.

The exercises were interspersed with excellent music from the choir of the Berean Baptist Church.

Whereas, the change which we call death has removed from our sight our class mate and beloved friend, James H. S. Parker, and

Whereas, Since in our school relations, as President of the class organization, he occupied the most honorable place in our power to give, it is fitting that we should put in words our sentiments of sorrow at his loss. Therefore be it

Resolved, that w , his class mates, mourn a cherished friend, whose qualities of mind and graces of heart endeared him to us in life, and and make our memories of him tender and abiding.

Resolved, that in what seems to us, his untimely taking off, we are reluctantly compelled to bow before that higher wisdom which plan for us better than we can for ourselves.

Resolved, that we extend to the devoted mother who has lost the only staff of her declining years, and to the bereaved young wife whose cup of joy is so soon turned into one of sorrow our sympathy and the assurance that our loving tears are mingled with their own.

Resolved, that copies of these resol tions be sent his widow, to his mother, and to the city press for publication.

HENRY E. BAKER
EMMA M. GILLETT,
WILLIAM H. RICHARDS, } Committee.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

To Cure Sneezing.

A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* says: During the recent rapid changes of temperature I caught a severe cold in my head, accompanied by almost incessant sneezing. My unfortunate nose gave me no rest. The slightest impact of cold air, or passing from the outside air into a warm room, equally brought on a fit of sneezing. In vain I snuffed camphor and pulsatilla; the light catarrh still triumphed over me. At length I resolved to see what the maintenance of a uniform temperature would do toward diminishing the irritability of my Schneiderian membrane, and accordingly I plugged my nostrils with cotton wool. The effect was instantaneous; I sneezed no more. Again and again I tested the efficacy of this simple remedy, always with the same result. However near I was to a sneeze, the introduction of the pledgets stopped it at once. Nor was there any inconvenience from their presence, making them sufficiently firm not to tickle, and yet leaving them sufficiently loose to easily breathe through. This is really worth knowing, for incessant sneezing is among the greatest of smaller ills, and it seems only a rational conclusion to hope that this simple plan may furnish the most efficient remedy against one of the most distressing symptoms of hay fever.

Wells' "Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Who can estimate the cost of a peerless reputation! Young man, young woman starting ont in the giddy whirlpool of life, pause and consider before the tempter has you in his power. He only is fortified who has determined not to yield to the first temptation. Oh, divine, oh, glorious legacy of a stainless reputation! Who can redeem it if lost? Truly does the great philosopher of poetry say the world's wealth is as "trash" in the comparison. I hope that in all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life, whatever may attempt to threaten or alarm you heed it not. Keep a stout heart and a steady eye; and above all, keep your reputation. It is better than gold; better than fame. Without it station has no dignity.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B, Anderson.
"..... G. W. Renfro
New Bedford, Mass.... Wm. H. Carney.

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LOCAL.

☞Local communications and &c., should reach this office not later than Thursday morning; advertisements not later than Wednesday noon.

A few summer boarders willbe taken by Mrs. Rosa Gaskins at Mason's Hill, 8 miles from Washington. A beautiful view of the Capitol. Address at Linconia, Fairfax Co., Va.

—Commencement Season over.

—Followed by picnics and excursions.

—Co. B, Capital City Guard leads off.

—With a Picnic and Competitive Drill.

—Next Friday 22nd, at Van Ness Park.

—Not forgetting the Strawbery Festival Monday night at the 15th. St. Presbyterian Church.

—Dr. Crummell having completed his ten years of work in this City, to-morrow morning he, will preach a special sermon at St. Luke Church, Cor. 15th. St. and Madison Ave.

—The appointment of J. Harry Smith, as trustee, is quite favorably received. Mr. Smith is a young man who has carved his own way to a respectable standing as a lawyer.

—Miss Jennie Speer sister of Mrs. Benjamin, graduate of the Hampton Normal School, is in the City and stopping with her sister at 1332-16th. Street.

J. H. Butler of New York City is in the City. Madame Rumer says he has matrimonial intentions on a certain schoolmarm.

—Mrs. M. B. Briggs has been elected Principal of the Normal Department Howard University, to suceeed Prof. Willey Lane. This is an excellent appointment, and it is to be hoped that Miss Briggs will remain at Howard.

—A rare combination of musical and literery talent assures a program of surpassing excellence at the 15th St. Church next week. Admission fifteen cents

—Rev. G. W. Moore, the new pastor of the Lincoln Memorial Church, was tendered a reception Tuesday night of last week. O. F. Presbrey Esq. presided. Dr. W. W. Patton, president of Howard University opened with prayer, the welcome address was made by Rev. J. W. Shippen; other addresses were made by Dr. Patten, Mr. J. W. Cromwell of the ADVOCATE. Mr R. S. Smith of the *Globe*. Dr. Rankin, and Mr. Presbrey, who gracefully introduced Rev. Moore. This reverend gentleman expre sed his satisfaction with the cordial welcome extended by his new congregation and the citizens generally. He said he would endeavor to do his part, and that he would need cooperation. A fine program of music was carried out at intervals.

—Last Friday Children's day was celebrated in most of the M. E. Churches. Quite an elaborate program was carried out at Ebenezer, Capitol Hill. Among the notable addresses was one by J. D. Baltimore on Education, the effect of of which on the human mind he illustrated by producing an old horse-shoe, one end of which differed not materially from hundreds found nailed over doors of the superstetious; the other being worked into a finely tempered knife blade. The idea was an excellent and ingivel one and made a fine impression.

—Children's Day to-morrow at Union Bethel. The Hall is to be very tastefully, if not elaborately decorated, by a florist. The music by the Sunday School will be a feature of the entire day, morning and evening. At the 11 A. M. service Rev. J. A. Handy will preach a special sermon, at night there will be addresses by Messrs J. W. Cromwell, L. H Wright, J. C. Beckett, and an Essay by Miss Julia Bush on topics kindred to the exercises of the hour. Let every body turn out.

The 15th St. Presbyterian Sunday School will give an excursion to Fort Washington, June 26th.

—G. B. Anderson was called to Richmond Va. Monday by the reason of the death of a sister-in-law.

—R. J. Smith of Bethel Literary is now advance agent of the Harmonic Co. a troop of singers led by J. T. Layton. They will give their first performance at Hagerstown sometime this month.

—Hon. Robert Smalls came on from Beaufort S. C. to witness the graduation of his daughter from the Miner Normal School She was the first one of her class to recive her diploma from President Arthur.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

BY LE DUKE.

One of the grandest parties that ever presented its claims for support is the Republican party. Through it, men who have been made to bite the dust of humiliatiop, until they had taken on the conditions of moral and physical decrepitude, were permitted to stand erect in the garb of full manhood and decked in the glorious panoply of citizenship. The past record of the grand old party is full of usefulness and glory. Its traditions are such as to inspire respect and offer strong claims for continued support. But of late there has been a pause. The party which defied "death, hell and the devil" in its determination to clothe the colored people with their rights, has now begun to question the propriety of its further support of the claims of the colored people. It has listened to the sycophantic taffy of men whose object it is to bring humiliation and disgust upon the old historic party. It has begun to question whether it is not better to let the "black allies" go and seek support from a class of men whose proc ivities, though tuned to the music of democratic principles, yet express opposition to it on account of its practices. It seems to be tired of the colored people. It is trying to shake them from their skirts. Yes, it is even objecting to their clannishness and their morality and their religion. Indeed, the colored people are not even considered as an intelligent political factor, having a sense of its own and determined to look to its own advancement. The colored man is by instinct and reason (particularly instinct) a republican; and whether he is treated as an intelligent being, or a brute, or a political nonentily, they will vote the straight republican ticket just the same. Now Le Duke, does not just see why or where all this is a just presumption. Of course, the colored people would *like* to be republicans. The *principles* are sound; and just so long, and *no longer*, as the party holds to its principles will the colored people remain loyal to the party. The colored voter has had 15 years actual political experience. They have stood by republican principles and republican *practices* without a murmur; and although the practices of the party have ofttimes been inconsistent with its professions and principles, they have clung with bull dog tenacity to the old party. But with the experience they have acquired, the colored voter sees the necessity of something more than professions and promises. They are becoming more intelligent and wise, read newspapers more and think more than they used to. They are beginning to see the injustice of being required to do all the voting and, when that is over, to be denied the *substantial* benefits which should follow. They want something, and what is more, *must have* something. When the "black allies" elected Hayes, they sacrificed time, money and, in many cases, lives. Many a carcas was to be seen bleaching in the forests (all colored) brought on by the love of the principles and devotion to the republican party. It was the vote of the colored people of the North that kept in its place the diadem which marks the existence of good and honest government. For this they desire recognition, substantial recognition. Since it is the practice to distribute the "spoils" among the victors: the voters who form no insignificant file in the phalanx of victory, desire "spoils". And they not only *desire* spoils, but *demand* it. Otherwise they must look about for other friends. The colored people want friends friends indeed. They cannot afford to waste powder on a ghost. They propose to go gunning for *somthing*. If I were a voter (and the day *must* come when those of my sex will be permitted to take part in the deliberations of Congress and legislatures and courts) I should advise all men, and women too, to ignore any party or all parties which oppose or stand in the way of the advancement of the interests of the race. I would advise combinations for the purpose of "*removing*" such men as are nothing more than vermin in the body politic. I would advise the holding of a convention, composing the very best elements to be found among us, to meet for the purpose of advising the voters, as to what is best to do, to organize and be of one accord on political and material matters. When that is done Le-Duke will stake her head on the probabilities of honest national treatment from the white republicans. As it is, the whites had better be very careful how they figure or they will leave out consideretions and figures which will greatly affect political results. I shall speak further of this matter next week.

Take Care of the Pennies.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a large barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose sutiable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Ex-Senator Bruce serenaded.

Company "B," Capital City Guard, tenderd Register Bruce a complimentary serenade Tuesday eve. of last week, The Guard presented a fine appearance and the musical selections were executed with ravishing effect. After the serenade the Register, accompanied by Mr. M. M. Holland, appeared and in a short and appropriate speech thanked the Guard for the compliment tendered and invited them to partake of refreshments. The Guard were presented to Mrs Bruce and Mrs Holland and others, after which they repaired to the banquet hall, where the Senator presented another attestation of his well sustained reputation for epicurean taste and hospitality. "Prandials and post prandials" were in order and speeches were made by mine host and Messrs M. M. Holland, R. T. Greener, Isaac Normau, R. S Smith and others. The Guard then repaired to their armory seemingly well pleased with the pleasures of the evening. The Register was not expecting such a compliment, but he bore it with his accustomed modesty and was highly delighted.

Baltimore Briefs.

Sunday was indeed a gala day among the children of the several M. E. and A. M. E. churches. Flowers, music and birds were the order of the day. At Sharp street (M. E.) the auditorium was handsomely and profusiyely decorated flowers, evergreens, and birds. The music was under the direction of Prof. J. H. B. Dungee and Mr. T. H. Crelton.

At John Wesley (M. E.) there was a large attendance. The room was tastefully decorated, canaries and mocking birds warbled their sweetest lays, the school was visited by nearly one thousand persons.

Orchard Street Church was looking her best, evergreens and flowers in abundance. The singing was very fine.

At Ebenezer (A. M. E.) Church Rev. C. W. Fitzhugh, pastor, the ceremonies were interesting; the church was handsomely decorated with evergreens, flowers and growing plants; the music of the birds mingled sweetly with that of the children.

At St. John's (A. M. E.) Church the decorations were superb flowers, evergreens, growing plants, and birds were in abundance. At the foot of each altar step was a large white cross entwined with flowers and evergreens immediately over the altar, on either side of the pulpit were the names of "Allen" and "Brown"—(the first bishops,) on the sides we found the names "Nazery" and "Waters." The pulpit and altar were covered with flowers and growing plants. In the choir loft behind a hedge of flowers and plants was the Monumental orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Joseph H. Ockermy, Miss Eva S. Murphy, organist, Messrs. G. Westley, E. Dorsey, musical directors. The music was grand, giving one just a faint idea of the music of heaven. At Trinity the exercises were of quite an interesting character. Addresses being delivered by Bishop D. A. Payne, D.D. LL D. and others.

At Bethel the chief effort was to raise money for the Sunday School Union fund. More than a month ago the little ones with these "punch cards," were at work. On Sunday the exercises were quite entertaining; the solo singing of Miss Alice West deserving special mention. The amount collected by this school was one hundred and fifty-four dollars. There was quite a friendly contest between several classes, the two classes collecting the highest amounts being Miss Helen Deaver's (who collected twenty dollars) and Mr. F. E. A. Dorsey's) whose class collected sixteen dollars.

Dr. Tanner's son, who is an artist, was present, and sketched the school.

The funeral of Mr. C. C. Fulton, (proprietor of the American,) took place Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m., and was attended by quite a number of our most prominent citizens. The interment was in Greenmount; one hnndred carriages were in line.

DOUGLAS.

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A Dress Parade will take place between the Washington Cadets and Co. A and B Capital City Guards at 7 o'clock, under the command of Captain C. A. Fleetwood.

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☞Tickets will be sold only at the Depot during the day and Evening of the Exeursion.

Members of the Committee will be in attendance at the Depot to procure tickets for Ladies and those desiring assistance.

A number of Military and Civic Societies have been invited to attend to take part in the Grand Parade and Review on the

Afternoon of July 4, 1883,

and several have signified their acceptance.

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Children on a Balloon Trip.

A STRANGE VOYAGE OF TWO LITTLE CHILDREN IN 1858.

When Mr. Wire was lost in his balloon, called the Pathfinder, the newspapers printed many accounts of trips made into the air, some by brave men, and some by foolish ones. A lady who lives in the town of Centralia, in the state of Illinois, said nothing until all the rest had done talking. Then, she told the editor of the St. Louis *Republican* to look into the number of that paper that was printed on Sept. 21, 1858. The editor looked, and found an account of how two little children took a trip in a balloon all by themselves. On that day, an aeronaut, or sailor of the air, named Brooks, filled his air-ship with gas on the farm of Mr. Harvey, who lived near Centralia. He expected to sail in the afternoon.

About noontime Mr. Harvey put his two children into the basket of the balloon just to please them, and not thinking for a moment of any danger. The balloon was tied to a tree by ropes. All at once a gust of wind broke the ropes, and the balloon got up into the sky with nobody but the two children in the basket. Mr. Harvey was wild with grief, and shouted aloud: "They're lost; they're lost!" All the neighbors ran to the spot, only to see the balloon drifting off to the north, and more than a mile high. One of the children was a girl, Nettie, eight years old, and the other her little brother Willie, four years old. Both cried when they found themselves leaving the ground and going on a very, very strange journey indeed. Nettie looked over the edge of the basket and saw her father wringing his hands away below. Soon the people looked smaller to her than babies, and the houses like toy houses. She and Willie were going up, up all the time. "I expect we are going up to Heaven, Willie," said Nettie. Willie thought it was very cold in heaven then, for the higher they went the colder it grew. Nettie wrapped Willie in her apron, and held his head in her lap until he cried himself fast asleep. Then Nettie folded her hands and waited. She said, "I think we must be near the gate now." She meant the gate of Heaven, that she had heard about in Sunday School. But Nettie fell asleep, too. When she awoke she found that some strange man was lifting her from the basket. The strange man was a farmer, in Northern Illinois, who had seen a balloon drifting low down across a field. The rope was dragging, and so he caught it, and landed the children safely. The balloon had floated all night. Nettie's and Willie's father soon learned that they had been found, and took them home two days afterward. Nettie is now a woman—and the very same one who told the editor of the *Republican* to look back to the files for the story.

The Fate of Theo. Burr Allston.

The fate of Theodosia, the beautiful daughter of Aaron Burr, has been one of the appalling mysteries of sudden disappearances at sea. She was highly cultured, thn idol of her father, and adorned by her grace of manner and witty conversation every circle in which she moved. Her face, from the best artist-evidence, was in a high degree classic, reminding the beholder of some of the Hellenic models painted by the old masters, and occasionally reproduced in flesh in Corinth, Athens, and other parts of Greece to-day. There is about the "counterfeit presentment" a calm dignity and serene beauty which Byron calls the rapture of repose. Theodosia Burr was married to Gov. Allston, of South Carolina, a name distinguished in the early annals of that State. She sailed from Charleston for New York on the ship Patriot, Dec. 20, 1812, on a visit to her father. The vessel was supposed to have been either ingulfed or captured by pirates, for no soul survived to determine the awful doubt as to its fate or that of its passengers. From time to time various conjectures, or even assumed reliable accounts, have found their way into print concerning the fate of Theodosia Burr. One account particularly arrested public attention, and that was the purported confession of a pirate, Dominick You, which Charles Gayarre incorporated in his brilliant romantico-philosophic "Ferdinand de Lemos." It is so graphically drawn that very many persons thought at last that the fate of Aaron Burr's only daughter was known. Perhaps Gayarre, well posted in the history of Lafitte and his piratical gang, who rendesvouzed among the live oaks of Barritaria island, and at times at Galveston island, and the adjacent mainland, really found such a tradition as Dominick You's account of the death of Mrs. Allston among the sailors of the gulf. Yet, if a later confession be true, there is an end to the tragic story of Lafitte's Lieutenant. An old sailor named Benjamin F. Burdick died a short time ago a pauper in a Michigan poor-house. On his death-bed he made the startling confession that he was one of the principal crew that captured a vessel named the Patriot and participated in the murder of Theodosia Allston at sea; indeed he declared that it fell to his lot to pull the plank from under her. She came forth arrayed in white, holding a Bible in one hand, and with heroic mein took her place upon the slender instrument of death, and, without a shudder or quiver of a muscle, was precipitated into the waves. The noble, unblanched face, erect and airy form, he said had haunted him all his subsequent life. The date of the vessel's loss, January, 1813, was correctly given by Burdick, and the name "Odessa" Burr Alston his only error, and yet not an error, for the name of both father and husband are sufficient identification. The corruption of Theodosia into "Odessa" would be natural to an ignorant sailor, and if anything tend to prove that he had not been reading up to make himself a sort of deathbed hero. At any rate, the confession is plausible, not because it was extremis, for huge lies are often told with the dying breath of criminals, but for the reasons hitherto named.

Ruby Lake, formerly one of the largest bodies of water in eastern Nevada, has entirely dried up and mysteriously disappeared, leaving a barren waste of ground where it was so recently admired as a beautiful sheet of water. This lake was fed by numberless springs along the foot of Ruby Mountains, situated between the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas, was from eighteen to twenty miles in length, and varied in breadth from half a mile to two or three miles, and was very deep in a number of places. Scientists are baffled as yet in determining the cause of the mysterious and sudden drying up of this body of water.

When you say to a Brooklyn man: "Your name is prominently mentioned in the paper this morning," a pleased expression does not appear on his face. He looks anxious and exclaims: "Good Heavens, my wife musn't see it! I wonder what scrape it is that the darned reporters have got hold of, any way." Brooklyn differs from most cities.

The Hypnotic State.

WHAT A GERMAN PROFESSOR HAS DONE.

According to a correspondent of the *Nation*, Professor Heidenhain has been doing some remarkable things at Breslau in the way of hypnotism. This scientist was invited by the city fathers to repeat and explain in a rational way the marvelous results which Herr Hausen, the Danish magnetizer, produced in a series of public exhibitions. Many well-known citizens have been hypnotized by the Dane, the *modus operandi* being for each one to look fixedly at a bright glass button held by himself, about eight inches from and above his eyes. The subject hypnotized became insensible to pins thrust into his hands, imitated sounds and motions made before him, and performed many strange and absurd antics. On awaking, he was unconscious, as well as incredulous, of what he had done. Professor Heidenhain declared his ability to repeat all of Hausen's performances, and his doings have created a sensation among the Germans. The hypnotic state could be brought on by slight, constant and uniform or repeated irritation affecting the eye, ear or skin, "passes" with the hand—the warmth of which is often effective at a distance—a tanning-fork, a watch or a distinct fixation point, with thoughts occupied only by the object felt, seen or heard. In one case each of five Polish soldiers was told to hold a loud-ticking watch at his ear and listen intently. In five minutes two of them had fallen into a profound cataleptic sleep and become insensible to pain.

On awakening, they declared they had not been asleep. A constant touch on the back of the neck made some subjects perfect imitative machines, reproducing exactly every word, look and motion of the person on whom the attention was fixed. As soon as the finger was taken from the neck the repetition stopped instantly. But stranger still, Professor Heidenhain and his colleagues succeeded with some subjects in hypnotizing one-half of the brain and body, while the other half remained normal. One side of the face would smile, while the other remained unchanged in a cataleptic state. One arm and leg could be moved at will, but not the others. One eye would see distinctly and the other imperfectly or not at all. Professor Heidenhain's experiments were made only with men, and he succeeded with about one subject in twelve. The first time was found to be most difficult to hypnotize a subject. After the first time some grew more sensitive to the influence, while others finally lost the power of being affected. Some acquired the faculty of hypnotizing themselves. Professor Heidenhain maintains that the production of hypnotism is not injurious to the subject. The professor's brother was hypnotized on an average of three times a day, for two months and claims to be none the worse for it.

Display in Housekeeping.

The woman who boasts of her excessive neatness is not the most commendable of housewives. We have little confidence in the neatness that is practiced with a flourish of trumpets. We have had occasion to know that a display, an effort to call attention of everyone to wonderful labors and surpassing neatness resulting therefrom, is very likely to be found after all not more than outside show. The work that is too loudly blazoned will seldom bear a rigid examination. That which is done thoroughly, but quietly, is the work that has unassailable foundations, and is perfectly finished in every department. With the pleasant consciousness that every thing in her house will bear examination, the mistress of the house need have no fears. Guests who may come to her unexpectedly will not disturb her equanimity. She is so well assurred that her home machinery is in perfect working order that there need be no uneasiness or excitement. She knows her table, however simply provided, will be neat, and the food which is so be set before her husband is the best that she can afford. What is good enough for him who furnishes the means of providing is good enough for any guest, however honored. Unexpected guests may increase the labor, but not materially; and the hostess is able to devote time and thought to their entertainment.

Household Recipes.

Corn Muffins.—Six ounces flour, three ounces Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one egg, one half pint of milk, three teaspoons baking powder.

Poverty Cake.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of chopped raisins, four and one-half cups of flour, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Broiled Potatoes.—Parboil large potatoes, peel and cut them into thick slices. Broil the slices on a gridiron over a clear fire until brown on both sides. Serve on a hot dish with pepper, salt and butter.

Suet Pudding.—One cup of suet chopped fine, one of molasses, two of flour, one and a half cups of sweet milk, one teaspoon each of soda, cinnamon and cloves, one cup of raisins. Steam two hours without lifting cover.

Idlewild.—Two cups of flour, one cup of Indian meal, one teaspoon of cream tartar, half of soda, one cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, one coffee cup of milk or water, one or two eggs; make stiff as cake.

Oyster Sauce.—Set a basin on the fire with half a pint of oysters and one pint of boiling water. Let them boil three minutes and then stir in half a cup of butter beaten to a cream, with two tablespoonfuls of flour; let this come to a boil and serve.

Lily Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, mixed together; one cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, whites of five eggs. Flavor and frost with chocolate frosting.

Amber Pudding.—Half a pound of white sugar, half a pound of butter, boiled together for five minutes; when hot pour it upon the yolks of eight eggs, well beaten; line a dish with puff paste; put some marmalade in the bottom, pour the mixture over it, and bake in a slow oven for half an hour. This pudding is so rich that it is better eaten when cold.

Baked Macaroni.—Break up a macaroni into small pieces one or two inches long; after washing it in cold water, add two cups of milk in a tin dish and set in a kettle of boiling water to soak for an hour; add a teaspoonful of butter and pour it in your serving dish; then add still more if needful to cover it; set in a hot oven and let it just come to a boil, and serve hot.

Lives there a skeptic who deep down in his own heart would not believe in the simplest forms of Christianity if he could? The saddest, the most pathetic utterances, are the utterances of men who with the farthest and subtlest reach of thought, grasp only negatives.—[B. P. Bowne.

The Guileless Witness.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never saw him sick," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer, sternly. "Now, sir did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the court make the—"

"I have, jedge," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer; "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten—"

"Your honor—"

"It's a fac', jedge; I'm under my oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case—his name's Smith."

"Your honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, jedge, hain't I bin doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away. I'm ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and this prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly replied the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends—he's an old line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down."

"I can't do it. I will sit down or stand up—"

"Sheriff, remove that man from the box. Witness retires, muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick-headedest cuss I ever laid eyes on."

How to Boil and Stew.

To do either properly, the food must be immersed at the beginning in actually boiling water, and the water must be allowed to reach the boiling point immediatly, and to boil for about five minutes The action of the boiling water upon the surface of either meat or vegetables is to harden it slightly, just enough to prevent the escape of either juices or mineral salts. After the pot containing the food has begun to boil the second time, it should be removed to the side of the fire, and allowed to simmer until the food is done. This simmering, or stewing, extracts all the nutritious qualities of either meat or vegetables; the pot should be kept closely covered unless for a moment when it is necessary to raise the cover in order to remove the scum. The steam will condense upon the inside of the cover, and fall back into the pot in drops of moisture, if the boiling is slow. Do not think that rapid boiling cooks faster than the gentle process I recommend. After the pot once boils you cannot make its contents cook any faster if you have fire enough under it to run a steam engine. So save your fuel and add it to the fire little by little, to keep the pot boiling. Remember if you boil meat hard and fast it will be tough and tasteless, and most of its goodness will go up the chimney, or out of the window with the steam

Learning to Sew.

To be handy with the needle, is one of sterling accomplishments of every educated woman. To be able to take the "stitch in time," is worth all the time and trouble that are required to learn the art. Like walking, reading, and many other things which we come to do without special thought, the learning to sew is a slow process, and should be begun while the child is still quite young. The girl should not only have the use of the thread, needles and patchwork, but be instructed how to take the stitches, turn the corners, and do various things connected with needle-work. We are not excluding the boys in our remarks, because they need to learn to thread a needle, and do general sewing. Men are many times so situated that they must depend upon themselves for their necessary sewing. Even if it is an age of sewing machines, it is best that all children should learn to use the simple, common old-fashioned kind, which can never be wholly superseded. The amusement and occupation that sewing furnishes little folks afford sufficient reason why all mothers should see that their girls, and boys too, learn to sew—but the very practical use of the needle in after life is the principal reason, after all.

Knife and Fork Flirtations.

To drop your knife means "I am badly bored."

To eat with your knife means, "I am not posted."

To drop your fork means, "I am desperately in love."

To wipe your knife on the table cloth means, "All right."

To stir your coffee with your fork means, "How sweet you are."

To eat your soup with a fork means, "You are very beautiful."

To whet your knife on your fork means, "You see I am sharp."

To cut your mouth with a knife means, "I am impatient."

To pick your teeth with a fork means, "I am the pick of the lot."

"To wipe your nose on a napkin means, "I am making a fool of myself."

To drum your plate with a knife and fork means, "I am almost crazy."

To scratch your head with a fork means, "I itch for an acquaintance with you."

To dip your knife in the butter means, "I am not very particular, you see."

To let your knife slip and splatter the gravy out of your plate means "I am exceedingly happy to be here."

To draw the knife half way down your throat means, "I am enjoying myself very well, thank you."

"Mama, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk that he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

A singular case of mental and physical disorder is reported from Millersburg, Ky., a young lady being the subject. She is under treatment for spinal disease, and is not able to move about the house without the aid of friends and crutches, except when asleep. While in that condition (asleep) she manifests a sort of double consciousness, and can skip about the room as nimbly as if nothing ailed her. She also writes, and works out mathematical problems. On one occasion she wrote a letter of four pages to a friend while in this somnambulic state, both eyes being firmly closed, and doing the writing with her left hand. She also corrected several mistakes in spelling

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Here is a man to be envied. He writes as follow: For years past my home has been a curse through the unbridled tongue of my mother-in-law. But now all is changed, and through the mystic influence of "fifteen." One evening last week I purchased a box of the blocks and took them home. My mother-in-law grabbed them up and ever since has not spoken a word to any one, and my home has been a paradise. As I write I can hear the clicking of the cubes in the little box under manipulation of my mother-in-law. God bless the inventor of "Fifteen."—*New York World.*

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